

*Fal.* Glasses, glasses, is the onely drinking: and for thy walles a pretty slight Drollery, or the storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tapistries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canst.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

*Hof.* Prethee (Sir Iohn) let it be but twenty Nobles, I loath to pawne my Place, in good earnest la.

*Fal.* Let it alone, Ile make other shift: you'l be a fool still.

*Hof.* Well, you shall haue it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper: You'l pay me altogether?

*Fal.* Will I liue? Go with her, with her: hooke-on, hooke-on.

*Hof.* Will you haue Doll Teare-sheets meet you at supper?

*Fal.* No more words. Let's haue her.

*Ch. Iust.* I haue heard bitter newes.

*Fal.* What's the newes (my good Lord)?

*Ch. Iust.* Where lay the King last night?

*Mef.* At Basingstoke my Lord.

*Fal.* I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

*Ch. Iust.* Come all his Forces backe?

*Mef.* No: Fifteene hundred Foot, fise hundred Horse

Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster,

Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

*Fal.* Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L?

*Ch. Iust.* You shall haue Letters of me presently.

Come, go along with me, good M. Gower.

*Fal.* My Lord.

*Ch. Iust.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* Master Gower, shall I entreate you with mee to dinner?

*Gow.* I must waite vpon my good Lord heere.

I thanke you, good Sir Iohn.

*Ch. Iust.* Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long, being you

are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.

*Fal.* Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

*Ch. Iust.* What foolish Master taught you these man-

ners, Sir Iohn?

*Fal.* Master Gower, if they become mee not, hee was a

foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing

grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire.

*Ch. Iust.* Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great

foole. *Exeunt*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe,*

*and Page.*

*Prin.* Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

*Poin.* Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durst

not haue attach'd one of so high blood.

*Prin.* It doth me: though it discolours the complexion

of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew

wildely in me, to desire small Beere?

*Poin.* Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied,

as to remember to weake a Composition.

*Prince.* Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in truth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede these humble considerations make me out of loue with my Greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk stockings y haue? (Viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for vse. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou keepest not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countries, haue made a shift to eate vp thy Holland.

*Poin.* How ill it followes, after you haue labour'd so hard, you should talke so idly? Tell me how many good young Princes would do so, their Fathers lying to sicke, as yours is?

*Prin.* Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?

*Poin.* Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

*Prin.* It shall serue among wittes of no higher breed, ing then thine.

*Poin.* Go to: I stand the push of your one thing, that you'l tell.

*Prin.* Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad now my Father is sicke: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

*Poin.* Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

*Prin.* Thou think'st me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as thou, and Falstaffe, for obduracie and persifentencie. Let die end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is so sicke: and keeping such wild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all ostentation of sorrow.

*Poin.* The reason?

*Prin.* What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

*Poin.* I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

*Prin.* It would be euery mans thought: and thou art a blessed Fellow, to thinke as euery man thinkes: neuer a mans thought in the world, keeps the Rode-way better then thine: euery man would thinke me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your most worshipful thought to thinke so?

*Poin.* Why, because you haue beene so lewde, and so much ingrafted to Falstaffe.

*Prin.* And to thee.

*Poinz.* Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with mine owne eares: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellow of my hands: and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe.

Looke, looke, here comes Bardolfe.

*Prince.* And the Boy that I gave Falstaffe, he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat villain haue not trans form'd him Ape.

*Enter Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* Saue your Grace.

*Prin.* And yours, most Noble Bardolfe.

*Poin.* Come you pernicious Asse, you bathfull Foole, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

*Page.* He call'd me euen now (my Lord) through a red

Lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the

window:

window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wiues new Petticoat, & peeped through.

*Prin.* Hath not the boy profited?

*Bar.* Away, you horson vpright Rabbet, away.

*Page.* Away, you rascally Albeas dreame, away.

*Prin.* Instruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy?

*Page.* Marry (my Lord) Albeas dream'd, she was de- liver'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him hir dream.

*Prince.* A Crowne's-worth of good Interpretation:

There it is, Boy.

*Poin.* O that this good Blossome could be kept from

Cankers: Well, there is six pence to preferre thee.

*Bar.* If you do not make him be hang'd among you,

the gallows shall be wrong'd.

*Prince.* And how doth thy Master, Bardolph?

*Bar.* Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces

coming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

*Poin.* Deliu'r'd with good respect: And how doth the

Martlemas, your Master?

*Bar.* In bodily health Sir.

*Poin.* Marry, the immortal part needs a Physitian:

but that moues not him: though that bee sicke, it dyes

not.

*Prince.* I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with

me, as my dogge: and he holds his place, for looke you

he writes.

*Poin. Letter. Iohn Falstaffe Knight:* (Euery man must

know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe.)

Euen like those that are kinne to the King, for they neuer

pricke their finger, but they say, there is som of the kings

blood spilt. How comes that (sayes he) that takes vpon

him not to conceiue? the answer is as ready as a borrow-

ed cap: I am the Kings poore Cousin, Sir.

*Prince.* Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they wil fetch

it from Iaphet. But to the Letter: — Sir Iohn Falstaffe,

Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neerest his Father, Harris

Prince of Wales, greeting.

*Poin.* Why this is a Certificate.

*Prin.* Peace.

*I will imitate the honourable Romanes in breuitie.*

*Poin.* Sure he meanes breuitie in breath: short-winded.

I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be

not too familiar with Pointz, for hee misuses thy Favour so

much, that he sweares thou art to marrie his Sister Nell. Re-

pent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.

*Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou*

*lovest him. Iackie Falstaffe with my Familiars.*

*John with my Brothers and Sister: Sir*

*John, with all Europe.*

My Lord, I will sleepe this Letter in Sack, and make him

care it.

*Prin.* That's to make him eate twenty of his Words.

But do you vse me thus Ned? Must I marrie your Sister?

*Poin.* May the Wench haue no worse Fortune. But I

neuer said so.

*Prin.* Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, &

the spirits of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mocke vs: Is

your Master heere in London?

*Bar.* Yes my Lord.

*Prin.* Where suppes he? Doth the old Soe, feede in

the old Franke?

*Bar.* At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape.

*Prin.* What Company?

*Page.* Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church.

*Prin.* Sup any women with him?

*Page.* Non

*Doll Teare-sheets*

*Prin.* What

*Page.* A pro

of my Masters

*Prin.* Euen

Towne-Bull?

Shall we steale

*Poin.* I am

*Prin.* Sirrah

Master that I a

There's for you

*Bar.* I haue

*Page.* And

*Prin.* Fare

This Doll Teare

*Poin.* I wa

S. Albans, and I

*Prin.* How

night, in his tru

*Poin.* Put o

waite vpon him

*Prin.* From

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*Enter N*

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*Wife.* I haue

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*La.* Oh ye

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